

1994

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Students of Bryn Mawr College

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THE COLLEGE NEWS

VOLUME XVI NUMBER 9

FOUNDED

1914

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

OCTOBER 4, 1994

Bryn Mawr sponsors Arctic archaeology field project

by Sue Ann McCarty

The first excavation season of a three year project in Arctic archaeology took place this summer at Point Franklin, Alaska. Headed by Glenn Sheehan (BMC Ph.D. '92), Greg Reinhardt (of the University of Indianapolis) and Anne Jensen (BMC A.B. '78), the excavation at the late prehistoric Inupiat Eskimo whaling village of Pingasagruk had a number of goals. The immediate concern of the project was to salvage the site's prehistoric structures. Pt. Franklin, a narrow spit of land between the Arctic Ocean and Peard Bay, is eroding rapidly as the result of natural forces. It is estimated that at one time the village of Pingasagruk had as many as sixty semi-subterranean sod houses; today erosion has left only three prehistoric houses and the entrance tunnel to a fourth house in situ.

The excavators hoped that the first season would reveal what life was like at Pingasagruk, which is thought to be 200-500 years old (Prehistoric times extended up until the 19th century in the Arctic because contact with outsiders came so late to that region). Despite its large size, there is very little ethnographic literature on the site, although it can be found on some 19th century whaling maps. The excavators hope to discover why the site was abandoned, examine faunal remains for information on the diet of the inhabitants of the three houses, and study the architecture of the houses, among other goals.

In Arctic archeology the field work at Pingasagruk is important because of the completeness of the excavation. Unlike previous excavations, everything was saved from this site, including faunal remains and wood chips. Because of the frigid climate, all organic material including bone, meat, and leather are preserved at Arctic sites, an especially appealing feature for an archaeologist. Rather than focusing on just one house, the project completely excavated three houses at Pingasagruk. This season's work revealed the second and third complete kitchens ever found. Some interesting finds from the site include whale bones that may have been

used as furniture, a number of ivory seals, a pair of small ivory mittens, three human effigies made of wood and ivory, part of a mammoth tusk, and a pair of musk ox horns.

In addition to the three principal investigators, ten other people worked at Pt. Franklin from June 18 through August 8. A lab was established in Wainwright, west of Pt. Franklin, for the conservation of the site's artifacts. The people who dug at Pingasagruk came from a number of different institutions, including the University of Indianapolis, Indiana University, and SUNY Brockport. Bryn Mawr sent two students to the site, Josh Stern

(Haverford, '95) and Sue Ann McCarty (BMC '95).

The temperature at Pt. Franklin averaged in the 30s for most of the summer. There was 24-hour daylight, no heat in the camp other than cooking equipment, and all supplies and personnel had to be flown in and out of the site by aircraft capable of landing on the beach. About two weeks after arriving at Pingasagruk a polar bear wandered into camp at "night" and bit the tent of one of our principal investigators. No one was injured; however, nightly Bear Watch was instituted after this occurred.

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Erika Jacobs photo

Lantern Night 1994

by Laura Schubert and Diana Fearling
Traditions Mistresses '94-'95

One of Bryn Mawr's more impressive traditions will be happening on October 16th. This is the infamous Lantern Night. Some of you might be a little confused as to what this is, its symbolism, and all that jazz. So your friendly Traditions Mistresses would like to elaborate a little for you...

Traditionally, freshmen women gather together as a class (along with transfers and matriculated McBrides) to receive a lantern in their class color. The sophomores pass out these lanterns—symbolically passing on the light of knowledge to the newcomers. Originally, each entering class had their own style of lantern, but this was soon changed to one style of lantern with the class colors changing each year in rotation. This year's freshman class color is dark blue. All matriculated McBrides receive a purple lantern which welcomes them to the college, yet allows for their separate identity as McBrides. This ceremony used to occur in the daytime, after the sophomores performed a play and the frosh were tormented with an oral quiz. This ceremony has since been shortened considerably, and all meanness has been denied sophomores for this one ceremony. Some other interesting facts about Lantern Night—"Pallas Athena Thea" was first written as the

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Women's Institute for Leadership 1994-1995

by Sara Kruger

The Women's Institute for Leadership (WIL) was first begun in 1992, when a conference organized by administrators, students and faculty was held. Last year, with the efforts of a student committee advised by Sherry Butler, WIL organized an incredibly successful and prosperous week-long conference. The January conference was attended by women from Tri-Co and Seven Sisters schools.

This year, WIL is taking a slightly different turn. Instead of gearing up for a conference which would necessarily limit the number of participants, the 1994-95 WIL committee is working on providing the women of Bryn Mawr with year-long leadership programming. The 1994-95 WIL committee feels that by having an event every month, we can give the community the kind of programming they want, and we can offer this programming to more people, than we could

with a one-time conference. So far, we have two events scheduled for the Fall Semester—a dinner with a speaker in October and another event in November.

What WIL needs more than anything right now is advice from YOU. What would you like us to provide you with? For example, would you like a workshop on image—clothing, posture, and self-presentation—to help with interviews and internships? Is there a particular speaker you would like us to try to bring in? What about a workshop on public speaking? Our goal is to develop a leadership program catered to the needs of the community. The committee this year is very devoted to creating monthly events that you would like to attend. But we cannot do this without you. Please share your voice with us.

Please send all questions and comments to Sara Kruger, Box C-997.

*programming
monthly: WIL*



About Redtree...

by Kristina Orchard-Hays

Women in black. Pretentious women in black. Pretentious women in black reading poetry. For the past three years, Red Tree has acquired an impenetrable, slightly mysterious aura that has proven difficult to shake off and dissolve. Certain, specific myths have grown up around the literary magazine and have been handed down from class to class. We would like to dispel these myths and encourage the community to both participate in the production of the magazine and get acquainted with the spirit of Red Tree.

Contrary to popular belief, we do accept prose submissions for publication. Currently, we are soliciting submissions of both poetry and prose for the fall issue, and encourage all aspiring writers from the community to submit their work. We feel that the more original and thought-provoking entries that we receive, the more literary scope we can provide in our publication. All of our submissions are judged anonymously and go through a rigorous rating process in which all staff

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*Happy October '94, Bryn Mawr
inside: cemeteries, McDonald's, advice, umbrellas...*

EDITORIAL

Join WIL in celebrating our achievement

Here at Bryn Mawr we are surrounded by achievement—our professors lead their fields, the speakers and performers who come to campus share their wisdom, our own best friends come up with brilliant things at the lunch table. It's very easy to feel like just one of the pack, but it's also easy to be inspired.

The Women's Institute for Leadership is one campus organization which hopes to bring inspiration to us Mawrters, whether by giving workshops on developing one's personal leadership style or by bringing people to speak who will show us by their examples. The organization is based on a philosophy that we all can "lead" and we are "leaders" in countless different ways. A leader can be an SGA president speaking to the whole campus or a student simply doing her own best work.

Now that we're entrenched in the academic routine (and looking forward to Fall Break), it's easy to feel like scrapping that achievement bit for now. Just getting from one paper to another is all we can do to keep up. If I can just survive this exam... you say, and then you do, and then you realize at the end of the semester that you actually know something about a subject. So don't despair—you'll look back and realize how far you've come. Besides, the weather is so beautiful right now. Go to Acme and splurge on apple cider to savor the less stressful senses of the season.

Here at *The College News*, we had planned a centerspread on Haiti, but no one wrote about that or about another pressing topic, smoking on campus. If anyone is so inclined, please do write to us about these issues, and be a leading woman even without lessons in poise! We have a lot of good articles this issue, so enjoy it, be inspired, and don't get too stressed out because there is only one Dykes to Watch Out For, OK?

—yer luvin eds

THE COLLEGE NEWS

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE VOLUME XVI, NO. 9, OCTOBER 4, 1994

Editors	Stacy Curwood, C-549, X7537 Elizabeth Lyzenga, C-715, X7559
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Editorial Board	Heather Batson, Gabrielle Ciuffreda, Sharon Cleary, Deborah Kamen, Branwyn Lundberg, Kristina Orchard-Hays, Thaisa Tiglaio, Zoe

Our next deadline is Friday, October 14 at midnight. Letters and articles should be sent to our mailbox (C-1716), or placed outside our Denbigh Office (X7340). All submissions should be on mac or IBM disk (3.5"); disks will be returned via campus mail (we promise). We will accept articles and letters written by women and letters written by men. All opinions expressed in articles or letters are those of the author only, and are not representative of those of the editorial board. Come to Thursday night meetings at 8pm in the Denbigh office above the language lab or call one of the editors if you are interested in contributing to the paper. **STATEMENT OF PURPOSE:** *The College News* is a feminist newsjournal which serves as a source of information and self-expression for the Bryn Mawr community. Recognizing that feminism is a collective process, we attempt to explore issues of interest to all women, both as members of this college and of the larger world community. Through this continuing dialogue, we seek to promote communication and understanding and to foster self-confidence and independence in expression.

Dates women make...

Tuesday October 4

7:30PM Borders: Marsha Witten, author of *All is Forgiven: The Secular Message in American Protestantism*, discusses how contemporary religion is influenced by popular culture.

Wednesday October 5

7:30PM, Borders: WRTI Jazz FM's Harrison Ridley discusses Dizzy Gillespie
8PM Thomas Great Hall, Red Tree writing workshop
9:30 PM Campus Center 200 film "One Nation Under God" presented by Women at the Well

Thursday October 6

7:30 PM Borders: poets Iris Violetta Colon Torres and Dr. Barbara Maniaci
8PM Denbigh Office, College News meeting
RAP ON IT, CC Main Lounge: topic is "Challenging the big 'H' Honor Code", sponsored by the OWLS program and ESPN

Saturday October 8

8PM (\$12) and 10PM (\$9), Art Blakey All-Star Tribute; jazz; at the Painted Bride "one of the five most important bandleaders in 20th century music."
FALL BREAK BEGINS!

Sunday October 9

10:30-4:45, Van Pelt Auditorium at Philadelphia Museum of Art, free with admission: "Forty Years of Japanese Cinema"

Tuesday October 11

END OF FALL BREAK.
7:30PM Borders: Copyright and trademark workshop

Wednesday October 12

7:30PM Borders: yoga workshop
8PM Thomas Great Hall, Red Tree workshop

Thursday October 13

7:30PM Borders: Tommy Bond, the original "Butch" from *The Little Rascals* and the only member of the cast to write a book, discusses his recent autobiography.
7:30PM, Free Library of Philadelphia: murder mystery investigation with three local writers; tickets \$30; 215-567-0670
8PM Denbigh Office, College News meeting
Lecture by physicist Leon Letterman, time TBA
8PM CC Main Lounge, Coffeehouse with Jane and Julia

Friday October 14

7:30PM Borders: the Lenny Pierro jazz duo

Saturday October 15

9AM to 2PM, "Homecoming": athletic games, big band/step show exhibition, dance
12-8PM, Philadelphia Convention Center: College Fest's "Way More Weekend," orientation for new students in the area; info: 215-636-1666
6PM Goodhart Music Room: Bi College Gospel Choir rehearsal

Sunday October 16

10:30-3:30, Van Pelt Aud. Phila Museum of Art; see Oct. 9
11AM Jazz Brunch at Brecon: Keith Dees Trio, synthesizer pop tech jazz.
12-6PM Philadelphia Convention Center: see Oct. 15
3PM Goodhart Music Room, Chamber Music concert: faculty, students and guest artists
3PM Afro-American Historical & Cultural Museum, 701 Arch St Phila. 215-574-0381: "Jazz-n-African Dance" with Clef Club Youth Ensemble and African-American Still Ballet
AIDS WALK
LANTERN NIGHT

Tuesday October 18

7:30PM Borders: author Elizabeth Denton

Here it is: Bryn Mawr Film Series

• All showings are Fridays at 8 and 10 p.m. in Thomas 110.
• Questions? Contact Aude X7714 or Tara X7802

- October 14 Fanny Hill
- October 21 Fresh (may be subject to change)
- October 28 Sirens
- November 4 From Hanoi To Hollywood
- November 11 Emmanuelle in Bangkok
- November 18 Schindler's List (may be subject to change)
- December 2 All the Mornings of the World
- December 9 Ace Ventura (8 pm), Reservoir Dogs (10 pm)

SEMESTER II

- January 20 Wolf
- January 27 TBA
- February 3 TBA
- February 10 Speed

Documentary Film Series is here!

• All showings are Tuesdays at 8 pm in Thomas 110.
• Contact Aude X7714

- October 18 The War Room
- November 11 The Bobby Fisher Story
- November 15 Superstar: Andy Warhol
- November 29 First Contact

Exciting discovery for BMC archaeologists

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Other exciting events included an extremely brief swim in the Arctic Ocean and a visit by the Barrow Elders and the Commission on Inupiat History, Language and Culture. This provided an excellent opportunity to talk to people who live on the north coast of Alaska and who have a cultural connection to the former inhabitants of Pingasagruk. During the visit a herd of about 50 caribou passed by the site. A cameraman/whaling captain from the North Slope Borough shot one of the caribou and butchered him in camp, kindly giving us some of the meat for dinner while he took the rest home to his grandmother.

While the excavation at Pingasagruk was coming to a close, a body was discovered in Barrow, northeast of Pt. Franklin, in a bluff that was quickly eroding into the sea. Seven excavators from the Pt. Franklin dig participated in the excavation of the body in Barrow, which belong to a girl of about five to seven years old. The body is thought to be 200-500 years old and was completely preserved in the permafrost. A baleen to-

boggan and a leather kayak cover were on top of the child, who was found wearing a cape made of bird skins with their feathers still intact. A number of other capes, mukluks, and another toboggan were discovered in the vicinity of the body and in the portion of the cliff that had fallen onto the beach.

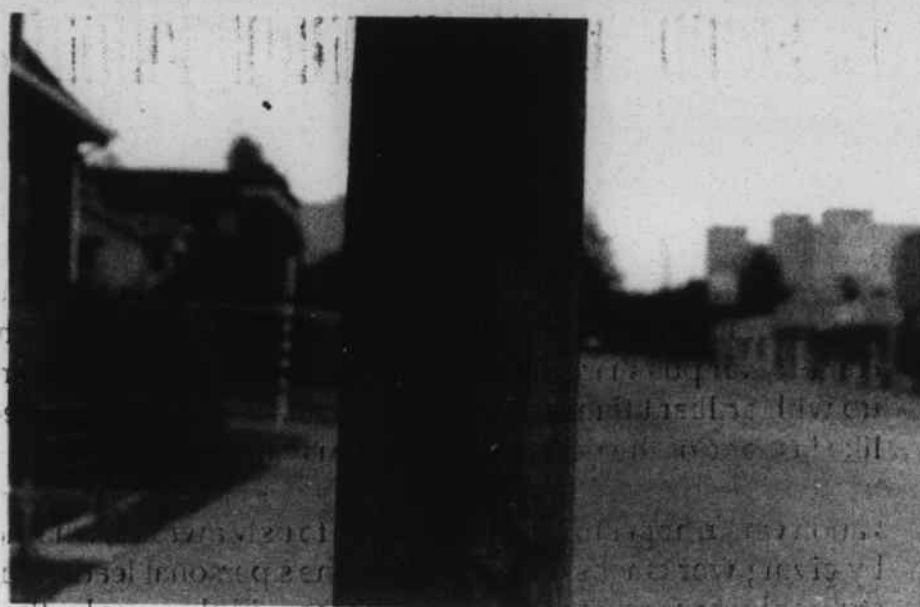
The excavation of the body was especially important archeologically because of the technique used to remove it. A

low-pressure fire hose was used to spray warm water on the ice surrounding the body, allowing it to be quickly removed with the ice and shipped to the morgue before deterioration could begin. Excavation of the girl took place from August 8 through August 18 and

The body is thought to be 200-500 years old and was completely preserved in the permafrost.

was funded by Bryn Mawr College, the National Science Foundation, and the North Slope Borough.

The analysis of the faunal remains from Pingasagruk is currently taking place at Bryn Mawr in Dalton Hall. Visitors are welcome. Contact Sue Ann McCarty at 526-7703.



Erika Jacobs photo

A tradition continues Lantern Night will welcome the class of 1998

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class of 1893's song, and was first sung at a lantern night in 1921. Since then it is traditional for the sophomores and seniors to sing "Pallas" while handing out the lanterns, and for the freshmen and juniors to sing "Sophias" after they have received "the light of knowledge".

Some folklore surrounding Lantern Night: if you get wax on your batrobe you are more likely to get a Ph.D. (we strongly suggest that you don't spill wax on your gown on purpose—not only does it negate this tradition, but it makes the

woman in charge of batrobes VERY unhappy!) Also, the lucky person whose lantern is the last to extinguish its light will be the first in her class to receive a Ph.D., whereas the unlucky person whose lantern goes out first shall be the first to get married. (Personally, we think this is bunk)

So take heart, dear frosh. This is the one and only ceremony where EVERYONE is nice to you, so—LIVE IT UP! We hope that you will enjoy this solemn, yet EXTREMELY beautiful ceremony. See you there!

How to throw a superb Lantern Night tea

by Julia Alexander

"Teas are natural, teas are good. Not everybody throws them, but everybody should!"

(What George Michael would have said if he had gone here.)

I like to party. Not big, nasty keggers, of course, but fun Bryn Mawr style parties with food and friends in conversation-inducing proportions. One of the best things about Bryn Mawr is Lantern Night teas. A lot of people say that they would like to throw a tea, but they don't know how, or they don't have the time or the money. I'm not going to play "who has more work," so if you read this and still think you don't have enough time to throw a tea, cool.

Having a tea is easy. This is just a short checklist for you, and a suggested amount of time or money you should commit to each part. You will notice that the totals don't come to much more than sixteen hours and fifty dollars. And both of those estimates are way on the high side. And the time you spend on this can easily be spread out and shared between friends, cutting down on the amount of work any one person has to do. Throwing a tea is easy, and you should not feel intimidated to do it.

Women in black: Red Tree

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members participate. We try to select only those entries which receive consistently high ratings from a diverse group of readers. If you are interested in having a say about what goes into Red Tree, please join our staff! We will be announcing staff meetings as publication time approaches. We are always in need of layout artists, publicity coordinators, and copy-editors, so if you don't have anything to submit, but still want to help make Red Tree happen, please don't hesitate to get involved.

We are also running weekly writing workshops for anyone interested in sharing their work or having it critiqued. The workshops are informal, relaxed and non-confrontational. We promise not to shred your work. We promise to have something significant to say about it. Please join us at eight o'clock, Wednesday evenings in Thomas Great Hall if you are interested. Favorite poems or selections by other authors are also welcome.

Finally, keep an eye out for our Poetry in the Halls series, a casual presentation of verse on bulletin boards and in dorms. If you have a favorite poem that you would like to see represented, please send it to box C-1695.

- # 1: Pick a name. This shouldn't cost you anything, and probably shouldn't take much time.
- # 2: Find a theme to go with the name. Also free and probably quick.
- # 3: Pick a time/date/place. Run it through the appropriate dorm presidents to reserve your space & get a party notification form. This is also free, and shouldn't take more than an hour or so.
- # 4: Make the invitations. This will probably run about \$5 (tops) for supplies, and take about five or six hours. It can be done over Fall Break (although some soph reps might get ticked at you over this.) Try to make about a hundred invites. There's nothing wrong with using a Xerox machine to speed up the invitation making process! Then it should only take you an hour or so to make your invitations.
- # 5: Wait eagerly for the day of your tea. This is free, and doesn't interfere with all of your work.
- # 6: Go out the day of, or a few days before, your tea, and buy all of the stuff for it (i.e., munchies, decorations, supplies, etc.) Munchies shouldn't cost more than about \$10 (Figure two or three bags of chips, several liters of soda, a bag or two of cookies: buy generic.) Supplies will vary from party to party, but a lot of stuff can be begged or borrowed. **SAVE YOUR RECEIPTS!!!!!!** (You can get reimbursed for 2/3 of your cost.) This should take a couple of hours.
- # 7: Start to set up for the party on the actual day. Set out the munchies, put up decorations, get people to look like they're having fun. This shouldn't take more than two or three hours. Figure it into the time you reserve your space for.
- # 8: Go to the tea. No, you may not do your orgo homework during this section of the whole thing. The entire point of this is to relax. This is the fun part. It can take however long you plan for. Fifteen minutes is on the low side. All day is sort of long. Have a list of the people who went, so you can get reimbursed.
- # 9: Clean up. If you were decent people, and not warthogs, this shouldn't take more than an hour. If nothing got destroyed, it should also be free.
- # 10: Talk about how much fun the tea was, and how you're actually glad you did it. See, this was actually pretty easy!! Aren't you glad you decided to give it a try?

A calendar of exhibits

compiled by Sharon Cleary

Aesthetic Suggestions.

The Philadelphia Museum of Art... "Alfred Stieglitz Center Collection" through October 9, so hurry! "Japanese Design: Survey Since '50" through November 10. A collection of household objects from electronics to furniture...

UPenn Museum... "Photographs by Eduardo Masferré, Peoples of the Luzon Mountains." A black and white photo essay of the largest island of the Philippines. Subjects include village images, landscapes and portraits.

Litto Bakery... "Scenes from an Italian Market" by Michael Bernstein. An exhibition celebrated by The City Paper for its "people-oriented urban images." through October 31.

For intrepid travelers...

Washington D.C.

The National Museum of Women in the Arts... "Esther Maklangu, South African Muralist: The BMW Art Car and Related Works." Ms. Maklangu learned from her mother, who learned from her mother etc... A brilliant family tradition of COLOR: oranges, reds, yellows.

Through November 13.

U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum... "Faces of Sorrow: Agony in the Former Yugoslavia," photographs through January 6.

NYC

American Museum of Natural History... "Royal Tombs of Sipán." The results of an excavation of the 4th century, pre-Incan Moche civilization in Northern Peru. Identified by the curators as the wealthiest burial site ever uncovered in the Americas. A good chance to explore a little known era.

Jewish Museum... "Mario Cavaglieri: The Glittering Years, 1912-22." The New York Times calls the show "looted in the flashy and chic art of 19th century painters like Sargent and Boldini." Hmm.

Museum of Modern Art... "Cy Twombly: A Retrospective," a contemporary of Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning and Franz Kline.

ons to mind

her old dog."

After the reading, people got to socialize and even talk to the poet if they wanted to. Being a wimp, I did not start a conversation with Simic. Instead, I just headed for the little bottles of gingerale in the reception room.



rings amusement

mercial," a man lay naked on a couch while the sound system played a man and a woman moaning things like "I need you" and "I love you." As it turns out, the company had purposefully decided to include only male nudity / near-nudity in the performance, to counterbalance the predominance of bare female flesh in modern advertising campaigns.

Another great little piece was the Wonder-Bra parody "Wonder-Jock."

The performance became intentionally less funny and more macabre as it proceeded. It ended with a reenactment of the Clarence Thomas hearings, in which Thomas was a white woman, Hill was a white man, and the Senate was composed of black females. After disregarding most of Hill's testimony and implying that he was desperate for sex and felt rejected by all attractive women, the Senate members began to circle around Hill and tore off his clothes in an attempt at gang rape. Yes, it was disturbing to watch.

I thought that the reversal of gender and race effectively revealed the ridiculousness of the gender roles our society prescribes. In a question-and-answer period that followed the performance, some of the audience members showed concern about the lack of gay characters in the performance, contending that, when one discusses gender issues, one should discuss gay issues, as well. I thought, however, that gay issues were implicitly addressed in the performance. "Heterosexual" couples, after all, were often portrayed by two men or two women. Moreover, homophobia arises largely out of the idea that women must behave one way and men another; by questioning this sexist assumption, S/he also questioned homophobia.

An amusing note: during the question-and-answer period, one of my friends noticed that most of the female members of the dance company had their legs crossed at the knees, and most of the men were sitting in a more sprawled fashion. What I would be more interested in knowing, though, is: how were the members of the audience sitting?



ARTS

Meditation in a cemetery

by Kristina Orchard-Hays

Now that the leaves are dropping from the trees, my mind turns to cemeteries. Maybe it's the hint of upcoming Halloween revelries, maybe it's the reverie I find myself in as I watch the outside world slow down and darken, preparing for winter's death. Not that I find cemeteries morbid, or even especially sad. Instead, as I wander through them, I feel my mind click into sudden, sharp focus and the hectic details of my daily existence scatter to the ends of their grounds.

Autumn is a perfect time for cemetery walking, and a handy little graveyard sprawls right across the street from the campus center behind the Lower Merion Baptist Church. A lot has happened since I was first dragged there as a first year student on a geology lab field trip, and while I still can't distinguish the limestone markers from the slate, I regard the place with a certain private affection. The tombstones gently slope downhill; warm, afternoon sunshine tends to pool in unexpected corners; and nothing ever shatters that heavy, complete hush so characteristic of cemeteries. It also sits well in all seasons. I remember racing barefoot over its grass in the summer, playing hide-and-seek in the moonlight and half-believing in ghosts. I remember lying in a drift of snow there in the winter, feeling the ice particles drop onto my cheeks and the muffled silence fill my ears.

I think every college should have a cemetery nestled in a corner of its campus, and I'm intrigued every time I drive by Villanova and glimpse the uniform crosses marching in rows next to its chapel. This past summer, I lived right next to a huge, wandering cemetery that started on one side of the road and continued on the other, and there was something exhilarating about strolling all around it at sunset. The rusted, cast-iron gates were never closed and sparrows glanced against the tombstones like slanted rain, then flew off again. While I could hear the distant roar of raucous college students and city traffic, it couldn't penetrate the calm that cloaked me there. One Saturday morning, I walked to a nearby farmer's market, bought a pint of raspberries, and ate them all, one by one, among the tombstones. The delicate, clinging globes that comprised each berry were mesmerizing, as was the sun shining on my face. I fell into a complete, dreamless sleep and woke up sunburned, raspberry stained, and very much alive.

Cemeteries are all about life, so much more so than they are about death. There is something enchanting about walking down rows and reading names and epithets, or practicing subtraction with the dates. There are the Victorian cherubs and lambs, complete with flowery dedications, the austere military plaques, the grandiose family monuments. Personal histories and tragedies unfold in each engraving, and occasionally, like a

promise or a threat, one happens upon a stone without a death date. Some inscriptions are half-obliterated by time and weather, others jump to the eye with fresh crispness. The names are always amusing—Bents and Butts and Finbarrs and Poormans. And always, everywhere, there is the clamorous, human urge to be remembered.

In ancient Rome, a man named Cestius was so bent on being remembered that he erected a huge pyramid for his tomb on the outskirts of the city. It stands there today, conspicuous and absurd, and helps hold up the back wall of the Protestant Cemetery, which was established when non-Catholics and foreigners were not allowed to be buried within the walls of Rome. Like all out-of-the-way places, it possesses a curious, rambling charm that stays in your mind. Illustrious literary types like Keats and Shelley are buried there, as well as Goethe's son and assorted, lesser known sculptors and artists. One can only gain admittance by ringing the little bell above the gate and waiting for the lecherous doorkeeper, who hands out faded mimeographs of rules and tries to convince female visitors to join him in his back office. One of the warnings contains a disclaimer stating that the cemetery is not liable for any pine cones that might drop on a guest's head. What they really should caution against are the hordes of stray cats who haunt the cemetery, lurking in the shadow of the pyramid and materializing unexpectedly on tomb statues and markers. When I sat down on a bench, two or three of them wound their way into my lap and onto my shoulder and proceeded to stare at me with such intense, penetrating gazes that I felt like I was confronting the very souls of the cemetery's inhabitants.

Modern cemeteries aren't nearly as much fun. They have too many rules concerning artificial flowers and visiting hours and parking spaces—many of them have even abolished tombstones. This past week, I found myself in one such place saying goodbye to an old family friend who had died after a full, eighty-one years of life. She had many friends and the road next to the gravesite was jammed with cars and approaching people. The graveside service was brief, the ensuing goodbyes and condolences to the family members even briefer. People got back into their cars and rushed off to jobs, commitments, the hectic details of their everyday existences. Although I understand the realities of our fast paced world, I found myself wishing that we could have lingered longer and reflected on her life. It seemed ridiculous, even depressing, to sum up eighty-one years in a mere fifteen minutes. After all, that is why I walk about in cemeteries. To laugh at the absurdities of life, remember the good details, and forget the everyday stresses that threaten to overwhelm us.

COMMENTARY

by those in attendance at a recent College News meeting

The latest has it that Disney has decided not to resurrect its U.S. history theme park on top of the Civil War battlefields of Virginia after all, and we, the editorial board, are disappointed. We have been to those so called Historical Sites before and they're just these big, grassy fields. We were hoping, next time we went, to get a ride on the "Magic Red Cross Stretcher," or at the very least a chance to chow down at one of the Lead Bullet booths while having a lower leg amputated. We can kind of understand, though, that if Disney is hoping for repeat visitors, the musket casualties could damage its income. So in that case, if Disney's mind is made up, here are our top ten picks for the next best location for the new Disney theme park:

10. *Three Mile Island*: Unique 2 headed goat petting zoo!
9. *Wounded Knee*: Indians are so cute!
8. *Stonewall Inn*: Go with Daisy and Minnie to beat up some pigs!
7. *Chicago*: Celebrate prohibition with classy gift shop offers, pricey authentic bathtub gin, and cement shoes!
6. *South of Florida with the Coast Guards*: Intercept Haitians on their way to the U.S.!! They have, like, some weird religion or something, right? Experience it!
5. *Levittown, USA*: There's no one there, they've all gone to Disney World!
4. *Inner City Detroit*: Kind of like the King Kong ride at Universal Studios; ride the People Mover through a desolate burning city and giggle!
3. *Upstate New York*: With breathtaking laser technology, you too can read the golden plates with your own magic glasses and relive the founding of the Mormon church!
2. *Alabama*: Charming "George Wallace and the Integration of the University of Alabama" theme ride on tiny buses will have you singing "Segregation Now, Segregation Forever" for weeks!
1. *Bryn Mawr College News Office*: Luxury accommodations, romantic setting, wining, dining, strip shows every night!

The Umbrellas of Bryn Mawr

by Thaisa Ysonde Tiglao

With the advent of autumn ushering in the usual Bryn Mawr rainy weather, many Mawrters grow weary over the not so picture-perfect package of gray clouds, gray Gothic stone, gray moods, and gray Mondays. But should the weather call for a fine, damp spray, or a stubborn and heavy rain (equaling, at times, the consistency and pressure you get at the deep massage level on shower heads), the resourcefulness of humankind has assured us the umbrella—the most practical fusion of function and fashion.

Walking around campus during a particularly rainy day, I realized that umbrellas don't only serve as shields against stormy weather, but do in fact indicate a sense of style. The variety of rain apparel is boundless, and faithful to this image is this playful sampling of Bryn Mawr's creative brew of rain defense:

There are the multi-colored umbrellas and umbrellas that are striped. They've come in black and white, blue and white, and BMC's own yellow and white. I've seen more than a few of the classic black umbrellas; and, of course, those in several solid-colored hues. There are patterns in check, paisley and polka dots, too. Some people prefer Totes umbrellas; others, ones with sturdy long handles. Wooden handles versus plastic handles, ridged handles versus smooth handles. There are umbrellas that can collapse twice, and huge doorman umbrellas capable

of sheltering a family. Some umbrellas retain a beautiful mushroom shape, while others appear flat and tattered. But those umbrellas deserving a parade for their attractive appeal include the white clouds on blue background, the Asian screen design, the block of colorful balloons, the Laura Ashleyish flower pattern, and my favorites, the sunflowers and the French painting of a rainy day in Paris (mine).

We must acknowledge, however, those who choose not to observe the traditional employment of the umbrella but promote the comfortable and fashionable nonetheless. The hooded parkas seem to satisfy the needs of a few, while others strut around in trenchcoats ranging from the rugged look to the strictly refined. Then there are those who stick to the old standbys: transparent plastic hoods, and whatever might be handy at the time, like books, newspapers, bookbags. Then, of course, we have the group of rain lovers who don't hide undercover, but choose the slick-when-wet look.

The umbrella is a smart invention in that it is not only useful but serves as an accessible medium for expressing style. So the next time it rains, don't look up at the clouds of gray but look around at the colors that complement the weather.

By the way, if you haven't seen it already, I highly recommend the movie/musical "Umbrellas of Cherbourg" (French with subtitles), with Catherine Deneuve and music by Michel Legrand.

Features



Cooking possible on campus

by Julia Alexander

You know, food is a pretty cool thing. Most of us eat, oh, two and three meals a day (You know, I could have made quite a reputation for myself with my original spelling of meals: "males.") And food should be something we enjoy. Many of us at the 'News thought it would be a great idea if we were to have a cooking column, both for the many things that can happen with boiling water in a tea pantry, and for dining hall survival tips. If you have any favorite recipes, and you think other people might like them, too, why don't you send them on in? I promise we will neither bite you nor make fun of you, so there's nothing to fear. Really!

Since fall break is coming up, I thought I would put in a couple of recipes for those of you who will be staying on your own.... (like on campus, or in a friend's apartment.)

First, for something that can be made entirely legally in a tea pantry:

Quinoa Casserole:

1 cup water
1/2 cup quinoa
2 or 3 sun-dried tomatoes, optional
1/2 onion, diced
spices (basil, sage, oregano, whatever.
Fresh, if you can get it.)

Quinoa is a South American grain that provides all the essential amino acids for your protein building blocks. It has a nice, nutty flavor, and I bought mine at the "All-Natural Market" in Ardmore. Boil the water. Add the quinoa, cover, and let it sit for ten or fifteen minutes, while you dice the onion and munge up the tomatoes until they're bite-sized. (Well, okay, I don't dice onions very fast.) Add this, and let sit covered, for a while. If it gets too cold for you, heat it on warm for a few minutes, or zap it for about 60 seconds. Good, cheap, nutritious, low fat, possible to cook it without violating tea pantry usage rules.... What more can you ask for in a food?

For a good main dish, completely illegal in tea pantries if you follow a strict definition of just what, exactly, boiling and water are:

Pesto Chicken:

3/4 cup chicken, raw and chopped.
(1/3 lb?)
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 clove garlic, minced
1/2 onion, chopped
1/4 cup fresh basil, chopped
1/4 c. pine nuts

Heat the olive oil on about medium high in your best frying pan. Add the chicken when the oil is hot. When the chicken is mostly done, add the garlic and onions. Cook until the onions are soft, translucent, and taste a little less onion-y. Add the basil, cook for another minute. Add the pine nuts, and stir everything briskly until the nuts are toasted. This is especially good served with pesto pasta.

And now for breakfast. Note that this one can be made in the dining hall if they're having omelet bar.

French Toast:

1 egg
1/2 c. milk
dash salt
cinnamon to taste
1 teaspoon vanilla
4 slices of bread. (I like sourdough, but anything will work.)

If you're doing this in the dining hall, get a bowl and put a good slosh of egg from the omelet bar in the bottom. Add a little milk, and some cinnamon and vanilla. Otherwise, mix everything together in a shallow bowl or a deep plate. Dip the bread into the egg stuff, and let it soak in as much as you like. Mind you, if you soak the bread really soggy, you won't have enough for all four pieces. Fry it in oil or whatever. Much as I like it, extra-virgin olive oil is *not* recommended for french toast. Top with your favorite topping. This is a nice thing to do for a friend on the morning of her birthday, should she be so inclined as to attend breakfast, and should you be so awake as not to set the dining hall on fire!

A delicious trip to Ardmore

by Julia Alexander

Mmmmm! Mmmmm! Oh, I *liked* this!!! This is my not terribly descriptive way of beginning to tell you about my dinner in Ardmore last week. A friend and I had gone in to town to do some shopping, and we decided to pop for dinner at Bacci. Mmmmm!

We ordered an eleven inch pizza (the smallest) and an apple-gorgonzola tart for the appetizer. The pizza was sun-dried tomatoes and feta cheese, with pesto. Mmmmm. Before they came out with that, we were presented with a large basket of herbed bread things—probably pizza crusts—which tasted delicious. Then the pizza and the tart came together, and we couldn't quite decide what to start with, since they both looked wonderful. They also looked so big we didn't think we could manage to finish. We didn't manage to finish, but our waitress was happy to box the pizza for us to take home.

Both pizza and tart were wonderful on our tongues, and we couldn't quite get over how good it was. Instead of dessert, since we were way too full to think of even *trying* to eat anything, we ordered lattes. These were the ideal blend of coffee and milk, at exactly the right temperatures for full sipping enjoyment.

And the glow continued until we received our check, which is the thing that can really add zing to a nice evening on the town (or even in Ardmore!).

Cementing your views

by Julia Alexander

Well, it's been a week since the last 'News came out, and I haven't been hauled in by Public Safety yet, so I think I'll write about graffiti again.

The reference to Public Safety, for those of you who don't read the Public Safety bulletins, is this: It seems that the people who came along and decorated those new sections of sidewalk have damaged them beyond repair and the sections of sidewalk are going to be replaced. This will cost the school several thousand dollars, and the responsible students are supposed to go report themselves to the office of Public Safety.

I don't know.... This seems a bit excessive to me. I realize that I don't know a lot about making sidewalks, but it seems to me that these blocks weren't ruined. The inscriptions, although they cover the squares, don't seem that deep.

Replacing the squares completely seems uncalled for. It also smacks of censorship. Okay, okay, it's not like we have no other forum for our thoughts. It's not even like these thoughts would have been censored had people tried to put them anywhere else. They were mainly initials, and class years. Things that seem unimportant to most of us. Things that probably are, in fact, unimportant. The question here, though, is not whether these things had to be said. It's whether they have to be removed. I always think that a bit of sidewalk graffiti that gives a place some character. It's a nice thing to have, because it doesn't jump out at you. If you happen to be looking down at the right time, you can see some little message left by someone in years past. And you can get a little message sent down to you from a total stranger. Things about who loves whom, and who was near that block of concrete when it was new. What they were thinking about, and how they felt about it....

Removing these blocks is a way of silencing us. What we say is not always terribly important. But the chance to say it, and to have it remain, is.

Stop trying to cement us into submission!

Another fun visit to the Bryn Mawr archives

by Julia Alexander

Greetings, once again, from the Bryn Mawr Archives! This time, I want to present you with a little lesson in old-time economics. Actually, I came across an itemized list of expected expenses for the '65-'66 school year. Once again, I will not presume to interpret this for you. I will merely present you with the list....

Caps and Gowns	\$15.00
Scholarship students	3.00
United Service fund	optional
Common Treasury dues	11.00
Class Dues	5.00-10.00
Hall Dues	1.00-3.00

Athletic Fee	.75
Bryn Mawr College Bookshop	
Average for the year	130.00
Minimum	75.00
Hall Bookshop	c.15.00
College Inn —that depends on you	
Cleaning	c.15.00
Employee's Bureau	
Alterations	1.00 and up
Bedspreads	6.00 and up
Blouses	4.00 and up
Chair covers	8.00 and up
Coats	30.00 and up
Cushions	2.00
Curtains	10.00
Dresses	12.00 and up
Evening Dresses	22.00 and up
Remaking suits, etc.	15.00 and up
Skirts	7.00 and up
Suits	35.00 and up
Window seats	2.00 and up

(prices do not include materials.)

Furniture sale	
Chairs	5.00-15.00
Lamps	1.00-5.00
Tickets at College	
plays and concerts	1.00-1.50
dances	2.50-3.50
Maids' Tips (optional)	c.5.00
Taxi from the local	.45
Taxi from the airport	7.00
Publications	
THE COLLEGE NEWS	3.75/yr.
Review	1.00 issue
Yearbook	5.00
Freshman or Junior Show records	5.00
..This was something like the Cafe.	
Employees of the College used to perform extra services, which are itemized here. These appear to be the prices to have these items made for you!	

Dykes To Watch Out For

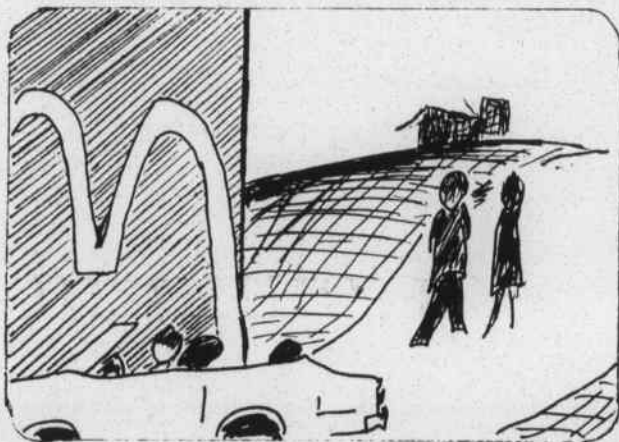


Food, Folks and Fun on the Main Line?

by Stacy Curwood

The Main Line is a prestigious address, as we all know. And while the aesthetically conscious part of us admires its stone houses and shady avenues, we all know that this neighborhood is not nirvana. As a snooty New Englander, I may be out of line when I criticize these picturesque suburbs, but I am a city girl, so that makes up for it. It's just that sometimes the attitude around here *irks* me.

Take, for example, last Saturday night. My friend and I had just finished a movie and we really wanted



a milkshake and fries at McDonald's (I rarely go to McDonald's, and I was to be reminded why). When we got there, the restaurant was closed, but the drive-thru was open. We walked up to the menu to make our selection, mouths watering in anticipation.

While we were standing there, a McDonald's employee with a broom strolled by. "You ordering?" he asked. "'Cause she's not gonna let you order, baby." We must have looked distressed because he said, "Well, walk on up to the window, baby—you can try, but she might not let you." Thus encouraged, we peered into the restaurant at window number two. As we opened our mouths to speak, we were blown away by the woman inside. "No!" she cried, "You MAY NOT ORDER!"

We looked at each other dumbly for a moment before I spoke up. "Why not?" "You CANNOT ORDER without a CAR!" she squawked. I decided to try to appeal to her sense of logic. "But we don't have a car," I explained, "We walked." "No!" came the response, so we headed on our way, feeling like four-year-olds reprimanded for making a mistake we had made many times before.

We had to settle for a pint of Ben and Jerry's we got from the A Plus across the street, and on the way

home, I got madder. What if you don't have a car and you want a meal? This episode is such a class thing, and it speaks for the car-centric isolated mentality which many people around here have. I know that the Main Line is not the only place you can encounter coldness, and I'm not usually one to go on in overgeneralized terms about the sad state of society. But it happens here more than some other places I've been, and here is an example of how a prevailing regional attitude affects me personally. What ever happened to simple friendliness and courtesy?

I wound up calling the restaurant and speaking to the manager, who apologized and said she'd "have a chat" with the drive-thru employee. I did feel better after that, at least as if I'd cleaned off the rudeness that I'd put up with. But my overall feelings towards my temporary community are injured, not that they were all that sturdy to begin with. I don't want to whine, but I do want to empathize and sympathize with other Mawrters out there who have run into Main Line snobbery.

Besides, for a rich, expensive-car suburb, wouldn't you think they'd get the hole-filled roads fixed?

Advice, advice, advice, advice

by Julia Alexander

Hi. I bet you're starting to catch on that I either have too much time on my hands, or I write too fast. (The latter is true.) Anyhow, in my copious weekly forty minutes of free time, I thought I'd write this little article to mention some of the things I have recently re-discovered that you might have forgotten about, or (gasp!) never known.

One—baths are a good thing. Take a textbook in if you must, or just a nice novel. Sit for an hour in the warm water and let all of the tension of your day float off in a haze of rose-flavored bath oil. (Did you know you can get yummy bath oil beads at both the Body Shop and Crabtree and Evelyn for just 25 cents?)

Two—there are free donuts in the Campus Center every Friday morning until about eleven. (Did you know that it doesn't have any calories if you got it for free? This is why people like to get chocolate as a present. It also doesn't have any calories if you share with your friends, which is why it's so fun to order out for pizza with your dorm!)

Three—The Muppet Show is on every weekday morning in the Campus Center from 10:30 to 11:00. Sesame Street also plays, but I don't know when....

Four—The Cafe gives coffee away for free every night at midnight, because they have to throw it away anyway.

Five—I saved the best piece of advice, as always, for last. One of my friends, now a senior, told me that

her professor gave her this advice on a paper she had been worrying about for days: "Just spell check it and hand it in." This is not to say you shouldn't visit the Writing Center and have friends peer-edit and all of that, but there comes the time when you just have to spell check and hand it in and STOP WORRYING!!

So good luck, enjoy fall break, and remember to come back in time for your first class!

More wisdom from seniors

by Ruth "i before e" Wielgosz and Amy Biermann.

11. Buy a copy card: it saves time and money. Just remember to sign it and put your box number on it.
12. Get naked as much as possible—it's safe to do it here and who knows when you'll ever find somewhere else this safe (well, unless you go to Oberlin for Fall Break).
13. If you need yarn for Lantern Night tea invitations, you can get it cheap at the Junior League thrift store.
14. If you're going to procrastinate, at least do something you actually enjoy. For example, don't read *Sweet Savage Lust* for the third time, instead read *Emma* by Jane Austen (IMNSFHO, this is an excellent book).
15. Fold other people's laundry. You'll all feel warm and fuzzy (you, the laundress and the laundry).

16. Go over to Glenmede and check out the murals inside.
 17. Don't get a Cafe Express card or open News-watcher unless you know you have a high level of self-control.
 18. Make friends with Ann at the circulation desk in Canaday. You will NOT regret this.
 19. Don't stress about getting prestigious summer jobs or internships. What's the big deal if you spend a summer or four doing dead-end work? There'll be plenty of time after you graduate to worry about developing a career.
 20. Occasionally, run around screaming.
- If you have instructions you feel would benefit your fellow Mawrters, just send them to me at box C-1050, and I'll include them (with your name) sometime.

